

WHERE TO DINE

Seattle Cafe

Meals at all hours. Good cooking and careful service.
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A National Benefactor.

By HARRIET WILLIAMS MYERS.

Economically, the swallow is one of our best friends, and as such should be protected. Horse-flies, house-flies, gnats, codling-moths, canker-worm moths, leaf-rolling moths, grasshoppers, plant lice, spiders, cabbage-butterflies, chick-beetles, winged ants, rose and May-beetles, striped cucumber-beetles, cotton-boll weevils—these are a few of the injurious insects that the birds of the swallow family live upon.

Oliver Goldsmith in his "History of Animated Nature" speaks of the good these birds do, thus showing that even at that time, when little was known about them, they were appreciated. But recently they have assumed national importance because of their great service in checking the danger threatened by the cotton-boll weevil. It has been estimated that, in favorable circumstances, a single pair of these weevils will in one season raise a family of twenty-nine or thirty millions.

The female lays about 140 eggs, depositing each egg in a different square or boll of cotton. The boll is punctured, the egg deposited, and the insect passes on to another.

"No cotton comes from a boll thus 'stung.' Rather it shrivels and dies while furnishing food for the growing worm. This pest is spreading at the rate of fifty miles a year, and unless methods can be found to arrest its progress, it will eventually infest the entire cotton-producing area. The Biological Survey has found thirty-eight species of birds which feed upon these weevils. Foremost among these are the several species of swallows, including the beautiful but diminishing purple martin.

Forty-seven adult weevils have been found in the stomach of a single cliff-swallow. This bird is a migrant, only, in most parts of the South. It is during these migratory flights, when the weevils are flying in the open, that the birds do so much good. We of the Northern and Western States have this cliff-swallow, as well as the other varieties, as summer visitors. With us they build their nests and raise their young. Because of the persecution of English sparrows, especially successful against the purple martin, and because of man's ignorance as to their value, and consequent indifference, the swallows have become scarce in many localities where they formerly bred in great abundance.

It is incumbent on us to give what protection we can to these national benefactors—the swallows.—Youth's Companion.

This Parson Carried Samples.

A minister who has been doing missionary work in India recently returned to New York for a visit. He was a guest at a well-known hotel, where everything pleased him except the absence of the very best sauces and spices to which he had become accustomed in the Far East. Fortunately he had brought with him a supply of his favorite condiments, and, by arranging with the head waiter, these were placed on his table. One day another guest saw the appetizing bottle on his neighbor's table and asked the waiter to give him some of "that sauce."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it is the private property of this gentleman." The minister, however, overheard the other's request and told the waiter to pass the bottle.

The stranger poured some of the mixture on his meat and took a liberal mouthful. After a moment he turned with tears in his eyes to the minister. "You're a minister of the gospel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you preach hell and damnation?"

"Yes," admitted the minister.

"Well, you're the first minister I ever met who carried samples!"

Success.

Land of Lonesome Census.

At the International Sunday-School Convention, in answer to the roll call of States, the reports were verbally given by the various State chairmen. When the Lone Star State was called, a brawny specimen of Southern manhood stepped out into the aisle and with exceeding pride said:

"We represent the great State of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she now has a population of over 3,000,000."

There was a pause of bewilderment for a moment and then a voice from the gallery rang out clear and distinct:

"Send that woman out to Wyoming—we need her."—Everybody's Magazine.

Solving the High-Price Problem.

It seems that in the year 1300 eight cents a day was high wages for an expert artisan. We move to have the scale of prices of commodities reduced to the 1300 standard, with present wages left untouched.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There are 6300 electric lights on the Mauritania.

An Artistic Trust.

Miss Mary Garden, at a tea in Philadelphia, congratulated a Philadelphia on the excellent opera that is produced in the Quaker city.

"Really," she said, "you get better opera here than they have in Paris at the Comique or even at the Opera itself."

"The reason? Money, of course. Estates. We singers, you know, with all our love for art, are in complete agreement with the colored livings who said:

"'Bredden an' sistern, Ah can't swan no beah an' board in heh'."

AMUSEMENTS

I. S. A. A. FIELD and TRACK GAMES Howard University Campus May 30

Games Called at 1 P. M.
Admission 25 Cents

CALLING THE MOOSE.

We draw the canoe to the shelter of some bushes, go ashore, and haul it softly up. Then the caller takes the horn which is used to aid the voice. It is about two feet long, shaped much like the receiver of a gramophone, and is fashioned of birch bark bound with a string or sinew. He places the small end to his lips, pointing the large open end straight upward, and, swinging his body in rhythm with his voice, gives out a moaning bellow, as wild and sad a sound as can well be imagined. That is the first call; the second is precisely similar, but the third is more drawn out—longer, wilder, more abandoned, and it wakes the echoes in earnest. Then, replacing the birch bark horn in the canoe, he squats down. He will not call again for half an hour, and it is unlikely that he will get an answer under half that time. Nor is this much to be wondered at when one considers that a good caller can throw his voice some four miles; and the farther away the moose is the more chance there is of his answering, for distance is all in the caller's favor, covering, as it does, any faultiness of imitation.—Wide World Magazine.

SOAP PINCUSHIONS.

How and Why They Were Introduced Into Hospitals.

In the operating rooms of hospitals and on the surgical carriages in the wards may be seen a piece of soap stuck with the varieties of pins which please the doctor and the head nurse to most effect.

The black headed pin long associated with crinoline dressings, retains still an honored place, says the *Alumnae Magazine* of Johns Hopkins Hospital. The history of the introduction of the soap into the hospital is interesting.

Three years ago Dr. R. H. Follis operated upon a patient at the Church Home. The patient was a tailor by profession and chanced to reside at Annapolis. When dressings were made he observed the difficulty with which the safety pins were put through the binder and suggested trying the method the cadets at the Naval Academy had evolved to help in pinning through their stiff ducks.

This simple but most effective device was a piece of soap as a pin cushion, and he further remarked that carpenters applied the same principle to screws. Dr. Follis immediately tried the plan, with such success that it has been generally adopted in the surgical service.

Synthetic Rubber.

It is believed that "plantation" rubber will mature sufficiently in the next five years not only to meet the world's demand, but to make rubber disastrously cheap. Rubber is one of those products that promises favorably for synthetic chemical construction. Japan lost millions of income through the invention of making synthetic camphor from oil of turpentine. This artificial camphor is chemically identical to the same as the Jap camphor, made by steaming camphor tree wood or shavings and condensing the steam and camphor in cold water tanks. The same thing happened to indigo. Millions of dollars' worth were imported from India every year. Two years after the invention of synthetic indigo fell to \$200,000, and have been steadily falling until natural indigo at its normal high price is a drug on the market for the new stuff, the "imitation." Is the same thing, chemically and practically. European chemists are working to make synthetic rubber, and some are pretty apt to strike it.—New York Press.

Proof of the 'Bo'n Oratrah.'

It is narrated that Cannel Breckenridge, meeting Majah Bufford on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, sub, of the concoe's befo' the co't house?" To which the majah replied: "Gen. Buckneh, sub, is making a speech. Gen. Buckneh, sub, is a bo'n oratrah."

"What do you mean by a bo'n oratrah?" "If yo' or I, sub, were asked hom much two and two make we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratrah he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, sub, to an integeh of the same denomination the result, sub, and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment,' the result, sub, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, sub, the result is fo'." That's a bo'n oratrah.—The Lyceumite.

Useless Effort.

The woman who is wearing a new \$45 hat can't understand why people should waste time or strain their eyes trying to see a comet.—Chicago Record.

Pure iron is only a laboratory preparation. Cast iron, the most generally useful variety, contains about five per cent. of impurities, and the curious thing is that it owes its special value to the presence of these.

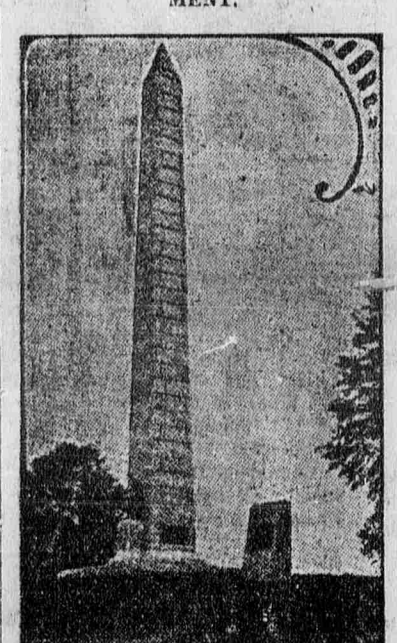
Pure iron can be shaved with a pocketknife; impure iron can be made almost as hard as steel.



Battle of Gettysburg

THIS, the decisive battle of the American Civil War, was a struggle between veteran troops; the Army of Northern Virginia, enthused by recent victories, deeming themselves invincible, and commanded by their popular hero, General Robert E. Lee, against the grand Army of the Potomac. It

MINNESOTA SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

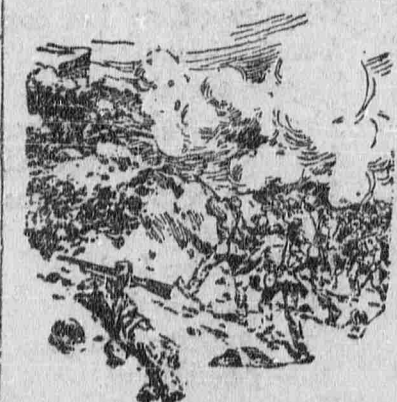


In Honor of Fallen Heroes of the Civil War, Recently Dedicated on the Vicksburg Battlefield.

—Leslie's Weekly.

was fought under the most favorable weather conditions. During the three days of battle, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, the warmest portion of the year, the usual heat was much mitigated by light breezes, the sun being frequently veiled by clouds, yet no rain fell until the afternoon of the 4th. Seventy-six degrees marked the extreme heat the first day, eighty-one degrees the second, eighty-seven degrees the third; the average for the entire three days was seventy-seven degrees. The first day's fight was a triumph for the Confederates; the second ended without securing to them any decided advantage, although the fighting of that day was a series of bravely desperate assaults, which have written the names of the Peach Orchard and the Wheat-field upon one of the bloodiest pages of American history; the third day closed leaving the Confederates repulsed at every point, after which they withdrew from the field and retired the following day in good order. The Federal loss during the three days' fight was 17,684 killed and wounded and 5355 missing (made prisoners). Total, 25,049. The Confederate loss was 15,564 killed and wounded and 7465 missing. Total, 23,049. Twenty-nine States had troops in the two contending armies at Gettysburg, Maryland having commands in both.

Encouraged by their success at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, in accord with matured plans, the Confederate army drew out of Fredericksburg, Va., 153 miles south of the



Gettysburg field, on the second day of June, 1863, and began its northward march through the valleys of the Shenandoah and the Cumberland, bent upon an invasion of the loyal

States. Six and one-half miles south of Gettysburg, Pa., they crossed Mason and Dixon's line and stood on Northern soil. The Union forces started in pursuit on the 13th and followed with energy on the Confederate right flank, keeping well between Lee's command and Washington. A mountain range interspersed a screen between the two grand armies.

Much misunderstanding exists among the uninitiated visitors to the battlefield as to why Lee advanced from the north on Gettysburg, while the Northern troops held a position to the south of the invading army. This is readily explained by the fact that the Southerners had penetrated some thirty-seven miles beyond Gettysburg, had occupied Carlisle and York, Pa., with Harrisburg, the capital of the State, as their objective point. Alas, for the safety of the Confederate capital in Virginia, and apprehensive that Hooker might intervene between himself and Richmond, Lee had turned backward with orders to his corps commanders to concentrate their forces at Gettysburg, then a peaceful farming village of 2100 souls, but thereafter to be celebrated so long as history lasts as "The Waterloo of America." Here the flood tide of the Rebellion reached high-water mark. The decisive victory of Meade cheered the Northern hearts and nerved their arms for the arduous campaign which culminated in the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

The importance of Gettysburg as the decisive battle of the war has been recognized by the United States Government, and with unstinted



hand has the field been preserved and embellished. The States, too in honor of their soldier dead, have raised beautiful monuments in their honorable memory, while the veteran organizations themselves have taken pride in marking their individual positions on the battle lines.

Decoration Day.

Little children, gravely marching With your garlands gay, Something bring beside the flowers To these graves to-day.

Bring a love of truth and valor And of brave deeds done. Bring a tribute to all heroes Underneath the sun.

Not alone to those who perished In the eager fight, But to all who've lived and labored Ever for the right.

To the patient, brave endurance Of an unearned pain; To the strife for truth and honor, Earnest, though in vain.

Thus, with noble emulation, High resolve and pure, Shall you, hope of all our Nation, Make her future sure.

—Evelyn Fletcher.

Memorial Day.

In the dream of northern poets, The brave who in battle die Fight on in the shadowy phalanx In the fields of the upper sky; And, as we read the sounding rhyme, The reverent fancy hears The ghostly ring of the viewless swords And the dash of the spectral spears.

We think with imperious questionings Of the brothers whom we have lost, And we try to track in death's mystery The flight of each valiant ghost. The northern myth comes back to us, And we feel through our sorrow's night That those young souls are striving still Somewhere for truth and right.



A chosen corps, they are marching on In a wider field than ours. Those bright battalions still fulfil The schemes of the heavenly powers; And high, brave thoughts float down to us, The echoes of that far fight. Like the gleam of a distant picket's gun Through the shades of the evening night No fear for them! In our lower field Let us keep our arms unstained, That at last we be worthy to stand wit them.



NIGHT ATTACK ON FORT FISHER—BY A. G. LILLMAN, NAVAL POST.

On the shining heights they've gained. We shall meet and greet in closing ranks, In time's declining sun, When the bugles of God shall sound recall And the Battle of Life be won! —John Hay.

Old Soldiers' Day.

Forget? No, never, marches long; The hospital and camp; The stirring thrill of life and drum; The hurried onward tramp; The silent bivouac 'neath the stars; The night before the fight; Forget the lonely picket line? The bullet's whistling flight?

Slow, shuffling are the halting steps That strive along the route of fate And dim the eyes that answer back To comrades mustering out. The roll is called. Who answers now? On sick leave, or away? On furlough to the Better Land? Promoted, did you say?

O sentinels on lofty heights, Beyond the tides that swell, Our dull ears seem to hear you call To us that all is well. "Attention, company! Fall in!" Passing the Idea of May, "Brothers of Gray and Blue, mark time!" 'Tis Decoration Day.

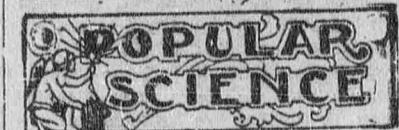
Then gently let the blossoms fall. "Lights out!" At last "Retreat!" The countersign! A little sleep. As Reveille will meet.

—Arthur Ward, Seaford, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL

THOMAS BECKETT

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
494 Louisiana Avenue
Room 15, Lewis Bldg., Washington, D. C.



Cork oak is to have a thorough trial in the National forests. The bureau of plant industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has assigned two thousand one-year seedlings of cork oak, now at a nursery at Chico, Cal., to be used by the forest service for experimental planting.

An English inventor has devised a new speed meter for automobiles. Placed in front of the vehicle, the exact speed may be ascertained at any time either from the vehicle or from the road. An excess of speed limit is announced by a gong, which continues to sound until speed is reduced. For night driving excess speed is also indicated by the figures on the face of the instrument being illuminated.

Theodore Imback, of the State experiment station, has found a new use for abandoned mines. He has produced in them mushrooms of the best grade, his experiment showing the abandoned mine to be an ideal place for mushroom culture. He is producing mushrooms of the best quality in an abandoned mine near the State farm here, having plants that yield from one mine from \$8 to \$10 worth of mushrooms a day.—Baltimore Sun.

G. A. Campbell recently conducted some experiments to investigate the subject of telephone intelligibility. In his experiments, usually only detached syllables were employed, so as to give the listener no clue from the context. The syllables easy to interchange are right in about half the cases. Thus, while it is obvious that the telephone seriously distorts speech waves, nevertheless, even those consonants which nearly resemble each other are not sufficiently distorted to be indistinguishable.—Scientific American.

Ostriches lay the largest eggs of all birds now extant, according to a writer in the *Scientific American*, but the ostrich's egg would have appeared small beside that extinct Madagascan bird, the epyornis, which measured more than thirty inches in its smallest circumference. The smallest species of humming birds, which are smaller than the eggs of certain kinds of tropical beetles. But the cuckoo lays the relatively smallest egg. That is to say, while the jackdaw and the cuckoo are about equal in size, the former's egg is five or six times larger than the latter's. The fact that the cuckoo is wont to deposit its eggs in the nests of birds which are usually much smaller than itself doubtless accounts for this. The relatively largest egg is laid by the kiwi, a strange, wingless New Zealand bird. The egg is no less than five inches long, although the extreme length of the bird itself is only twenty-seven inches.

Live in the Highest Story.

By JOSIAH STRONG, D. D.

Every man lives in a three-story house. The lower story is partly underground. There he eats and drinks. This is his physical nature. Many men never leave this basement. There they live and there they die, never entering the stories that lie above.

The second story rises above the first. From its windows the outlook is wider, the light in it more abundant, and the air purer. This is the man's intellectual department. Some go into the second story often, and though they do not abandon the basement, they use it mostly for eating.

Then there is the third story. This is the highest. Here air and sunlight and outlook are at their best. This is the spiritual realm. In too many cases dust and cobweb are the sole occupants of what should be the choicest part of the house. The wise man, while he does not abandon the basement or the second story, loves the third best of all, and there spends much of his time.

Pencils Used by Railroads.

Although most of the writing in the conduct of a railway is done on typewriters, it still takes 1,000,000 pen points a year to help keep the trains running on the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads. This is at the rate of sixty-six for every mile of the two roads.

The employees of the two roads also require about 18,000 penholders and 320,000 pencils in a year. This means that for each mile of track thirty pencils are needed in a twelve-month.—St. Paul Dispatch.

For the first six months of last year 800,000 Bibles were printed and circulated in China, while during the whole of the previous year the number was only 500,000. Nearly every Bible was paid for. In Turkey there is also a great increase.

A Monster Dam.

The recent announcement was made of the completion of the Shoshone Dam in Wyoming, which forms the most important feature of one of the most important irrigation projects contemplated in this country. The dam is of concrete and measures 224 feet from foundation to the crest. It is 175 feet long at the top and eighty-five feet long at the bottom, where its thickness is 103 feet. The reservoir back of the dam, which has a capacity of 456,000 feet, will serve to irrigate 130,000 acres of land, situated about seventy-five miles east of the Yellowstone National Park.

SHOPPERS' GUIDE

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POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

Illustrated to Mr. Billtops by His Experience With a Thermometer.

"I don't know when I've been so put out by a little thing," said Mr. Billtops, "as I was by the discovery that my thermometer was four degrees wrong; it gave me a real hard little jolt for one thing, and then it made me realize that for two years I had been making myself uncomfortable over nothing."

"Out of doors I can stand the cold as well as anybody, but indoors I like to be warm; 72 is about what suits me in the house."

"Two years ago I bought a new thermometer which I hung up in my room, and I haven't been warm there in winter since."

"Other parts of the house seemed all right; in the parlor and in the dining room they got it up to 72 apparently without any trouble, but in my room it never seemed to get above 68. I didn't shiver, but I never could get really warm, and one day I said to Mrs. Billtops:

"'Elizabeth, why can't you get the heat up in my room? Why should my room be the only cold room in the house?'"

"Mrs. Billtops comes in and stands around a minute and then she says: 'Why, Ezra, it's just as warm here as it is anywhere else.'"

"Nonsense!" I says to her. 'Look at that thermometer!' It's only 68 here, and it's 72 at this minute in the parlor."

"But Mrs. Billtops insisted that it was as warm in my room as it was anywhere else, and she said that probably the trouble was with my thermometer; that my thermometer didn't mark correctly, and I said it did, and I'd show her conclusively that the thermometer was all right. I'd prove to her that my room was cold. I'd put my thermometer right alongside the one in the parlor, and she'd see it up in no time to 72."

"So we put it out there, but it didn't budge, that is upward, but it did go down one degree. Standing side by side with the parlor thermometer marking 72 mine went down to 67; they were five degrees apart."

"The temperature in the parlor, actually one degree colder than my own room, had been entirely agreeable to me, while in my room, though it was actually warmer, I had, misled by my thermometer, never been able to get thoroughly and comfortably warmed up. Another illustration of the power of the imagination."

"Now I've got a correct thermometer and I don't have any more trouble over the heat."—Sun.

The Answer.

"Al, well," said Wilbur Wright, "there's a plausible answer, you know, to every charge."

Mr. Wright at a dinner in Dayton was discussing the defense put up by an infringer of his biplane patents.

"The most defenseless charge," he said, "has its defense. Take the case of Bloomsbury."

"A gentleman visited Bloomsbury. Getting off the train he found he had to drive four miles from the station to the town. This naturally angered him, and he reproached the ticket agent."

"You are fools on this line," said. "What made you build a station so far away from the town?"

"Because," drawled the ticket agent, "I thought it would be more convenient to have it down here near the road."

Washington Star